"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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THAT WHICH SATISFIETH.

A LIFE LESSON.—AN AMERICAN PAPER.

"I DECLARE," said Abner Leeds, speaking to his wife, as they were walking home one evening, "Philip Twombly's house has a comfortable, cosy appearance."

"So it has," was the reply of the wife.

"How neat and well arranged Mary Twombly keeps everything." pursued Abner. "She is an excellent woman."

The wife was thoughtful, and made no reply to this.

"I did not mean, Julia, that she was better than my own wife. Of course, you didn't so understand me."

"No, Abner; I do not think you would find fault with me. At all events, I try not to give you occasion." Julia Leeds looked up with a smile, and presently she added, "Mary Twombly is a good housekeeper and a warm, devoted friend. Still, I think her house is no neater than mine."

"Of course, it is not," said Abner.

"Only," continued Julia, "she has more to do with. Our house is exactly like theirs in its construction; it is finished in the same manner, and even the wall paper is the same."

"Yes," replied Abner. "Our houses were built by the same man, and from the same plan."

"It is the addition of those pictures and pretty ornaments which make Twombly's rooms look so cheerful," remarked Julia. "Oh, how much pictures do add to the attractiveness of a home. Don't you think so, Abner?"

"Why—yes, Julia—I think they do."

"And," pursued the wife, "what fine pictures they have. How neat and pretty the frames are, and how tastefully they are arranged. I think I could arrange them very tastefully too, if I had them."

Abner Leeds did not reply at once to this, but finally he said, a little dubiously:

"I don't know, after all, Julia, as such things are of any real benefit."

"Oh, yes, they are, Abner. Everything is a benefit which helps to make a home cheerful; and what is there in the way of ornament, more cheerful than good pictures? They are companions. I should not be lonesome where there were pretty pictures. Think, when you are tired and weary, or when you are weak and sick, how much comfort you can take in resting the eye upon a cheerful picture. Pictures make a room attractive; and surely we cannot have too many attractions at home."

Abner Leeds liked Pictures; and he knew his wife was aware of that fact; so he could not dispute her position. He could only say:

"I admit all that Julia; but you know I cannot afford to buy pictures. I have often thought, when I have been in Twombly's house, that I would like pictures, and mantel ornaments like his; but it's of no use to wish for them. I find no money to spare for such extras."

"I wish we could have a few, Abner; but I wouldn't wish for them unwisely. Perhaps some time you can afford to purchase some."

At this juncture they arrived at their own house, and entered the quiet little sitting-room, where Julia's sister was caring for the two bright-eyed children. The apartment was as neat and tidy as any in town; but the walls were bare; and as Julia cast her eyes over the vacant spaces, her thoughts might be

easily read. How pleasant some pretty pictures would look there; and how much more cheerful the room would be.

Perhaps as Abner and his wife sat there, after the children had gone to bed, their thoughts took to the same channel. Julia knew that Philip Twombly did not receive any more wages than her husband did. She knew that they both owned their houses, and that they both had about the same expenses to meet in the support of their families. Julia thought of this; but she would not speak of it; for she knew her husband was not a spendthrift, and if he had any little habits which he wished to indulge, she would not find fault. He was kind and generous, true and faithful, and she prized him as a precious companion.

"You are thinking of pictures," Abner said, as he saw his wife's eyes wandering over the bare walls.

Julia started, but quickly replied, with a smile:

"Not selfishly, my good husband." She kissed him, and then added—"Some time, when you can afford it, you will buy me one, I know, and until then I shall be content."

Abner kissed his wife in return, and said that he would certainly buy a picture when he had the money to spare.

Only a few days after this Abner met Philip Twombly, and the latter had a fine oil-painting under his arm.

"Come home with me and see it," said Philip.

It was only a few steps to Twombly's house, and Abner went with him. The picture was taken from its wrapper, and proved to be a beautiful landscape, from some of the lake scenery of New York; and when it was hung in its place upon the wall, it seemed really to shed new radiance over the apartment. It was attractive and refreshing.

"I declare," said Abner, as he cast his eyes about over the pictures, "I should like some such as these, but I don't have the money to spare. What did this landscape cost?"

"The picture and frame together cost fourteen dollars." (A dollar is 4s. 2d.)

"Upon my soul, Philip, I don't see how you can afford it."

"Ah!" replied Philip Twombly, with a smile, "there's a secret in that."

"A secret?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell you, Abner. Just sit down, and you shall know how I afford these little attractions to my home."

Abner Leeds sat down, and Philip spoke as follows:

"After we had been married a year, or a little more, we went to visit my wife's uncle. He had a great many very valuable pictures in his house, and both Mary and I took much pleasure in looking at them. When we came home Mary often expressed the wish that we could have some pictures. I *wished* as much as she did; but I was not so free in the expression of my wish, because I felt that I could not afford such luxuries. One day, while we were in the bookstore, we saw a picture which we both fancied. It was an engraving—a scene from Shakspeare—there it hangs, in that gilt frame. The price was ten dollars for the picture and frame. Mary was very eager, but I had to put her off. I had no ten dollars to spare. That evening as I sat in this very room, looking up at the very place where that picture now hangs, I thought how pleasant it would be to have the ornament there; and I also thought how much it would please my wife. I think this last consideration had the most weight with me then; for Mary was a precious wife, and did so much for my comfort. As I sat thus pondering, I took out a cigar, and was upon the point of lighting it, when I remembered that Mary had asked me not to smoke in the parlour, because the odour of the tobacco clung so long to the curtains. I was in a thoughtful mood, and my thoughts took a curious turn—a new turn for me. They ran in this way:

"I could not possibly afford to buy the picture which my wife so much wanted, and which would add so much to the cheerful aspect of our parlour. Ten dollars was more than I had to spare for any such purpose. I looked at the cigar which I held in my fingers, and thought what it cost. I remembered that I paid five cents for it, and that I was in the habit of smoking four or five of them in a day, and sometimes more. My cigars did not always cost so much as that, but I did not hesitate to

set down that item of expense at fifteen cents a day. This led me to another thing; I drank from three to four glasses of ale a day, making another daily item of at least fifteen cents. So there was an expense of thirty cents a day for ale and cigars. I reckoned it up, and found that it amounted to over two dollars a week, and about one hundred and nine dollars a year! So, in a little over four weeks. I smoked and drank a ten dollar picture!

"This led me to another thought: What good did the cigars do me, and what good the ale? I rather fancied that I should be better off without them. Not only were they making a bondman of me, but I had good reasons to believe that they were gradually undermining my health. I sat an hour in this mood, and when I arose, my resolution for the future was taken. I threw my cigar away, and on the evening of the next day I put thirty cents into a box, having left my ale untouched. On the day following I did the same, and so I kept on doing. For a few weeks I missed my old masters, and there were some seasons of struggle; but I had an object in view, and I was firm. At the end of a month I found ten dollars in my box, and I went and bought the picture. When I saw my wife's sparkling eye, and received her warm kiss of thanks, I had reward enough for all the efforts I had made. But this reward was not all. I not only conquered an evil habit, and gained thereby the means of adding new attractions to our home, but I also improved in mental and physical health. That was something over three years ago. The old box is still in use, and into it I drop my daily tribute. Thus, you see the pictures which adorn our walls, the ornaments upon our mantels, and the little statues in our garden, are the things which I have chosen in lieu of ale and cigars. In short, Abner, in the expenditure of money for the purchase of what we may term luxuries, I have learned to strive after *that which satisfieth.*"

When Abner Leeds went to bis home that evening, he had new thoughts in his mind. He made a daily use of ale and cigars. He had never thought it any harm, and even now he did not regard it in that light. But he was led to ask himself if from his limited means, his spare money might not be spent for something which would be of more benefit to himself and family. He had strength of mind enough to keep a resolution when it was once formed, and, before he pressed his pillow on that night, his resolution had been taken. On the following morning he prepared himself a box, with a hole in the top, and when evening came he dropped into it three times. It was the money saved from the old channel. He had smoked no cigars and he had drank no ale through the day. Another day passed with the same result. It came hard; there was a conflict and a struggle. Such tyrants were not to be conquered without effort. But Abner Leeds was firm. His foot had been set in the new course, and he would not yield his manhood to the old appetite. And he triumphed. When the tempter was entirely put away—when the desire for the old narcotic and stimulant had been wholly overcome, he went to his box, and he found fifteen dollars there. Away he went to the store where pictures were sold, and purchased a pair of handsomely framed engravings. He carried them home, and hung them up and called his wife to look at them.

Where did they come from? Oh, how pretty! She hoped he had not inconvenienced himself in purchasing them.

Then Abner told his wife the whole story, told her what he had done, and what he meant to do.

Ah, when the arms of his fond wife were about his neck—when she kissed him, and blessed him, and told him how happy and gratified she was—then he began to realize in a new and brighter light the reward of his self-sacrifice.

And Abner Leeds was true to his promise. As the months rolled on, new pictures were added; new books were brought home; pleasing ornaments graced the mantels; and new joys thus flowed to the household. And for this what had he lost! Nothing. He had been the gainer in every way. It was truly a blessed lesson of life which he had learned; and he tried to teach it to others; so that other homes might be as bright and cheerful and as attractive as his own.

JOHN MILTON, THE POET;

A UNITARIAN CONFESSOR.

Birth-day, 9th December, 1608.
Death-day, 8th November, 1674.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

It is well not only to strengthen our belief in the Unity of God, by direct reference to the Bible and the ancient traditions of the Church, but also by the production of individual testimonies of modern instance, especially when they are the witness of men renowned throughout the world for piety in deed and scholarship in thought. Among these, the author of "Paradise Lost," of "Lycidas," of "Tetragrammeton," and the "Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," must take a high rank. In looking over our almanacks, we naturally think of the great men whose birthdays are there recorded who have extended thought, liberalized faith, and enlarged the freedom of the intellect; and John Milton is one of the holy men of our Unitarian Calendar, whose poems are far more celebrated than they are known, and whose prose writings, containing his noblest poetry, are yet in advance of our age and prophetic of its progress.

It was not until his mind had been matured by age and experience, until he had filled up the immense storehouse of his knowledge, and completed thoroughly the discipline of his intellect, that Milton became consciously a Unitarian. Yet in his "Paradise Lost" he was, without knowing it, an Arian, and whatever are the theological errors of that poem, and they are great, and have done much injury in the world, the barbarous expressions of Trinitarianism are absent from it. In his "Paradise Regained," Milton's Arianism is yet more evident while he was unwittingly advancing to a form of Unitarianism which gradually was revealed by his genius. While in "Paradise Lost" he spoke of our Lord as "The Eternal Son," and "The Creator of the World," terms then used by him under a misconception derived from an imperfect translation of the New Testament; in the "Paradise Regained" he speaks of Christ as "The Exalted Man," "The Beloved Son," and "The Messiah," and expressly uses the term — "The Monarchy of God."

The religious views of Milton are better traced, however, from his prose works than from his poems; and especially from one of the former, which expressly treats upon them, and presents the results of his matured judgment and completed learning.

About thirty-seven years ago, a work of the illustrious Milton's, on the subject of religion, was discovered entire in the State Paper Offices, and printed by order of Government. This treatise was written in Latin, and published accompanied by a translation. The translation has since been re-printed in Bohn's edition of Milton's prose works. From this work we would briefly show that Milton is to be reckoned among those Christian scholars who have rejected the Athanasian Trinity as an unscriptural innovation and corruption of the pure doctrine of Christ.

The general preface to this work is as simply as sublimely headed — "JOHN MILTON, to all the Churches of Christ, and to all who profess the Christian faith, throughout the world, Peace and the Recognition of the Truth and Eternal Salvation in God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ."

Milton first states that in early youth he sought the Scriptures by himself, and throughout his life had continued to do so. In approaching the theology of the sects, he was struck by their mistaken inferences from Bible texts. He ultimately arrived at conclusions which he calls God to witness; he opens with brotherly love to all the human race, as bringing to light many points which are opposed to certain received opinions.

Against the supposed Deity of Christ, he adduces the repeated inculcations of the first commandment, that there was only one God over all. Unity and duality could not be said to consist of one and the same essence. If two subsistencies or two persons were assigned to one essence, it involved a contradiction of terms, by representing the essence as at once simple and compound. If one divine essence were common to two persons, it would either be in the relation of a whole to its several parts, or of a genus to its several species, or of a com-

mon subject to its accidents. If none of these alternatives are conceded, there is no mode of escaping from the absurd consequences that follow, such as that one essence may be the third part of two or more. Milton thus concludes to discard our own speculations, and to follow the doctrine of Scripture exclusively. According to Christ's teaching therein, the Father is that only true God, by whom are all things. When asked by the Scribe which was the most important commandment, he replied in the words of Moses, "The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord;" and, with Christ's approbation, the Scribe assented, saying, "There is one God, and there is none other one than he." That this God is no other than God the Father is proved by Milton from John's Gospel—"We have one Father, even God"—"It is my Father that honoureth me, of whom ye say that he is your God." Christ, indeed, taught nothing about the Unity of God which the Jewish law had not before declared. The Father of Christ and the God of the Jews were the same Jehovah. "Though all this," concludes Milton, "be so self-evident as to require no explanation—namely, that the Father alone is a self-existent God, and that a being which is not self-existent cannot be God, it is wonderful with what futile subtleties, or rather with what juggling artifices, certain individuals have endeavoured to elude or obscure the plain meaning of these passages, leaving no stone unturned, recurring to every shift, attempting every means, as if their object were not to preach the pure and unadulterated truth of the Gospel to the poor and the simple, but rather by dint of vehemence and obstinacy to sustain some absurd paradox from falling, by the treacherous aid of sophisms and verbal distinctions, borrowed from the barbarous ignorance of the schools." These persons, however, seek support in Scripture. First, they quote the saying of Jesus, "I and my Father are one." Milton asks—*How* are they one? Not in such a way, he considers, as the Athanasians contend. Christ is his own expositor. He shows us that he and the Father are one, inasmuch as they think and act with unanimity; and thus he expresses himself, after the Jews had misunderstood him. "Believe the works," said he, "that ye may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in him;" and again, "Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." In this teaching is denoted not identity of essence but intimacy of communion; and Christ declares himself to be one with the Father in the same manner as we may be one with Him; that is, not in essence but in love, agreement, beneficence, spirit and glory. Of the text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses, Milton declares it is absent from the Syriac and the other two oriental versions—the Arabic and Ethiopian—as well as from the greater part of the ancient Greek manuscripts. In those MSS. also which actually contain it, many different readings appear. It no more necessarily proves those one essentially, who are said to be one in heaven, than it proves those to be essentially one who are said to be one on earth. Besides, who are the Three who are said to bear witness? That they are three Gods will not be admitted; therefore, it is not the one God, but one record or testimony of three witnesses which is implied. All acknowledge that the essence of the Father is infinite; but there cannot be two or any other number of infinite persons. Wherever simultaneous mention is made of the Father and Son in Scripture, he finds the name of God ascribed to the Father alone. The Son also teaches that the attributes of Deity belong to the Father alone, to the exclusion even of himself. Supposing Christ to be at once man and the Supreme God, why did he pray to the Father, and ask for what would, in this case, be in his own power? With regard to the proem to St. John's Gospel, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God," it was not said from everlasting, but in the beginning. Reason, Milton rightly declared, rejected the Trinitarian doctrine. Scripture nowhere asserted it. Of the exclamation of Thomas, "My Lord and my God," he writes—"He must have an immoderate share of credulity who

attempts to elicit a new confession of faith, unknown to the rest of the disciples, from this abrupt exclamation of the Apostle, who invokes in his surprise not only Christ his own Lord but also the God of his ancestors. He also whom Thomas is supposed to call God in this passage, had acknowledged respecting himself, not long before, 'I ascend unto my Father and your Father, unto my God and your God!'"

"It seems exceedingly unreasonable," concludes Milton, "not to say dangerous, that in a matter of so much difficulty, believers should be requested to receive a doctrine (that of the Athanasian Trinity), represented by its advocates as of primary importance, and undoubted certainty, on anything less than the clearest testimony of Scripture."

Such is the witness of John Milton—poet, patriot, and divine—in favour of the absolute Unity of God. May we rejoice to add his noble name amid the glorious array of our Confessors, to the Calendar of our Unitarian Church. And may our Confessors increase and multiply. And may we not only garnish the sepulchres of our prophets, but endeavour to live their lives, and carry over the world their doctrines.

GOOD WORDS TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

By Rachel Evans.

My Dear Young Friends.—I am desirous of giving you as much useful information as may prepare you for the station you are called upon to fulfil.

In the first place, I wish to impress upon your minds the necessity of daily religious improvement. For this purpose you must devote a portion of each day to a careful study of the Holy Scriptures. You may perhaps do this at first from a sense of duty alone, but if you conscientiously persevere in the practice,—if but for a few minutes only,—you will find in time that it will become a sweet and delightful occupation. When once you have established this holy communion with your Heavenly Father, you will feel a blessing attending all your endeavours to act rightly. The verses you read in the morning will occur to your mind several times in a day. You will enjoy a secret satisfaction, which will give a spring to your actions, and a joy to your countenance altogether unknown to those who commence their daily course without asking the blessing of God on their various pursuits. I would advise your reading the Gospels especially, because the words of our Saviour are blessed above all others as being the means of religious instruction. They are so plain, that it is said, "He who runs may read." You will therefore find no difficulty in the work before you. The treasures of sacred wisdom will be garnered in your hearts almost before you are aware, and if your minds are often thus employed, you will naturally "think of these things," and become more and more spiritual, that is, less and less worldly in your thoughts and actions. Having thus provided an unfailing guide in the path of duty, you will carefully refer all your words and motives to this standard of right. In this manner you will act always as in the sight of God, and be led by the precepts of your divine Master. You will become Christians "in deed and in truth," approved of God, and respected by man.

Early religious impressions.—A very excellent writer, in his story of "Jotham Anderson," speaks thus of the value of religious knowledge. "I cannot remember the time when I had not a sense of religion, and a fear of God; and I have no doubt that it is owing to my early and habitual impressions, which became interwoven in my soul, as a part of its very fabric or constitution, that I have enjoyed such quietness and steadfastness throughout a long pilgrimage. Little do parents consider, while they are forming their infants' hearts and characters upon other principles, and teaching them to act by other motives, how difficult they render a subjection to religious motives afterwards, and how they subtract from the sum of their religious enjoyment. Were all mothers like mine, how greatly would the obedience of the young Christian be facilitated, and the peace of his pilgrimage insured! I love to dwell on the memory of that honoured woman. My earliest recollection of her is in the act of teaching me to pray—when she

every evening took me on her knees, and clasping my little hands made me repeat after her my childhood petition. Methinks I still see the beautiful expression of her maternal eye, and feel the kiss full of affection and piety, with which she closed the service. At such times she would explain to me the purposes of prayer, and teach me to love the good Being who gave me father and mother, and made me happy. It was her practice also to seize the moments when my young heart was overflowing with cheerfulness and good will, to remind me of the Father above, and direct my gratitude to him. Thus His image became associated in my thoughts with all that was gladsome and delightful; with every satisfaction and enjoyment. It was mingled with all my remembrances of maternal fondness; and the love of God grew on the same branch with the love of my parents. I sought to please him, I loved to speak of him, and to him, in the innocent openness of my young heart, and to regard him, in all respects, as I did my parents. Thus there was nothing of severity, or gloom, or dread, in my early religious feelings. I knew nothing of the dislike of religion, which I have seen in many others. The judicious piety of my parents made it a delight to me, and not a burden. I saw it mixing with all their thoughts and pursuits; most evidently the ingredient of life which made them most happy; never casting a gloom over them, never arraying them in sternness, nor driving away innocent pleasures; and thus it found its way to my heart, and—blessed be He who has supported me!—it has never left my heart, or ceased to be its joy and peace. Oh! that parents would but take a hint of wisdom from this, and treat the young immortals committed to them as if they were indeed immortal! My parents were very seldom known to employ other motives with their children than those of religion; and the consequence was, I was always made to inquire, Is it right? Will it please God? Would Jesus approve this? Is this doing as I would be done by? till such questions formed the standard of my conduct, just as What will people think? Is this genteel? Is this for my interest? are the inquiries which decide the men of the world. They referred me, on all occasions, to the life and example of the Saviour, and taught me to contemplate, with admiration and delight, the purity, benevolence, and piety of that holy pattern. They tried to make it my ambition to imitate him; and never shall I forget how I was sometimes affected by the earnest and feeling manner in which they told me the wonderful story of his love and sufferings, and urged me to begin young and follow him. Such was the system of religious instruction pictured by this estimable writer." "Truly God's greatest blessings are pious parents."

The one thing needful.—For another part of the same beautiful story, the author illustrates a text which all should take to heart. "Seek first the kingdom of God, and the righteousness thereof, and all these things shall be added unto you." "These words were perpetually present to my mind, during my recovery from the illness which I have mentioned, and gave rise to much salutary reflection, which helped to establish my resolution for the future. I felt how easily *the one thing needful* slips away from those who cease to seek it, and how liable even a religious man is to lose the substance of happiness in pursuing the shadow. I persuaded myself that, if the prime object of *duty* were secured, a man could never feel anything actually wanting to his well-being; for it is very evident that the pursuit of the highest duty and most permanent good, is consistent with the pursuit and enjoyment of every other object really desirable. I experienced the truth of this at once in returning to the studies of my class. My great struggle had been to subdue my inordinate ambition. It had interfered with my religion, and must be sacrificed. It was a dear sacrifice, but I took my resolution, and it was performed. The consequence I supposed would be, that I should fall from my standing as a scholar, and graduate with less reputation than I had coveted. This was a mortifying anticipation, but better risk my scholarship than my religion, thought I, and I summoned firmness to brave the result. This result was quite other than I expected. In proportion as I became indifferent to my reputation, for mere

reputations's sake, I found myself able to study and recite with greater ease and self-possession. Formerly my extreme anxiety to do well, and my morbid dread of doing ill, had occasioned an irratibility and hurry of spirits which often threw me off my self-command, and produced the very evils I sought to avoid. But now having little desire, except to do my duty, I was cool, collected, and preserved the full command of my powers; so that, to my surprise, I acquitted myself better than formerly, and rose in my class, rather than fell. A certain portion of every day was sacredly devoted to religious exercises and studies; and the time thus subtracted from classical pursuits was more than compensated by the steadiness of mind, and equanimty of feeling, which it produced. Here, then, was the first reward of my renewed fidelity. I was permitted to experience, then, as I have done since, that *our religion has the promise of the life which now is, as well as of that which is to come.* How many deceive themselves, and are miserable from not knowing this! They sell themselves to the world, and take the world's wages, which at the moment of death they are compelled to resign, and they have nothing which they can carry hence. Whereas in the service of God, they might have no less enjoyed what earth affords, besides all the present and future satisfactions of the soul, which are far richer and purer. There is no state of mind so happy in itself, and at the same time so fitted for success in the duties of the world, and for contentment amid its difficulties, as the tranquil and composed frame of habitual duration." I have given you the words of the Rev. Henry Ware in preference to my own, because I am confident the religious sentiment can never be better expressed than by himself. I would recommend to your attentive perusal Mr. Ware's "Formation of the Christian character," in which every religious duty is so admirably expressed and enforced. No young person should be without this inestimable little manual. A small shelf may be filled with favourite works on religious subjects, and thus a constant feast will be prepared for those "who hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Character.—Not a little of our success in this life, and the certainty of our hope for the future, depends on our having a clear sense of our duty laid before us. Those who are careless or undecided in their mode of action, even when acting generally from right principle, are often led into a downward course from ignorance alone. No greater blessing can therefore be bestowed on the young than to make evident to their minds the only right and true way of proceeding calmly and happily through the world. In the first place, a constant feeling of the presence of the Almighty is the greatest preservation from wrong doing. "God sees me." "I cannot do this thing, and sin against God," are words that should be continually impressed on our minds. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" are often repeated as words of course, and not as the most important precept which can be remembered. If we acquire the habit of remembering our Creator "in the days of our youth," we shall not forget him "when the years draw nigh," when we shall say "We have no pleasure in them." From the various blessings around us we shall learn to love our Creator; from the unnumbered beauties of Nature we shall learn to admire Him; from His Providence and wisdom we shall be led to adore Him. Then shall we supplicate blessings from Him, and by constant communion we shall live in holiness and happiness—as continually in His presence. Then from a desire to please Him, we shall do all in our power to form our character for life. In the words of a very useful and excellent writer, "The whole character may be comprehended in the term *habits;* habits are easily formed—especially such as are bad; and what to-day seems to be a small affair, will soon become fixed, and hold you with the strength of a cable. Habits of some kind will be formed by every student. He will have a particular course in which his time, his employments, his thoughts and feelings will run. Good or bad,—these habits soon become part of himself, and a kind of second nature. Who does not know that the old man, who has occupied a particular corner of the old fire-place in the old house for sixty years, may be rendered wretched by a change? Who

has not read of the release of the aged prisoner of the Bastile, who entreated that he might again return to his gloomy dungeon, because his habits there formed were so strong that his nature threatened to sink under the attempt to break them up. You will probably find no man of forty, who has not habits which he laments; which mar his usefulness, but which are so interwoven with his very being, that he cannot break through them—at least he has not the courage to try. I am expecting you will form habits. Indeed I wish you to do so. He must be a poor character, indeed, who lives so *extempore* as not to have habits of his own. But what I wish is, that you form those habits which are correct, and such as will every day, and every hour, add to your happiness and usefulness. If a man were to be told that he must use the axe, which he now selects through life, would he not be careful in selecting one of the right proportions and temper? If told that he must wear the same clothing throughout life, would he not be anxious as to the quality and kind? But these, in the cases supposed, would be of no more importance than is the selection of habits in which the soul shall act. You might as well place the body in a strait-jacket, and expect it to perform, with ease, and comfort, and promptness, the various duties of the body, as to throw the soul into the habits of some men, and there expect it will accomplish anything, great or good. Do not fear to undertake to form *any* habit which is desirable; for it *can* be formed, and that with more ease than you may at first suppose. Let the same thing, or the same duty, return at the same time every day, and it will soon become pleasant. No matter if it be irksome at first; but how irksome soever it may be, only let it return periodically, every day, and that without any interruption for a time, and it will become a positive pleasure. In this way all our habits are formed. The student who can with ease now sit down, and hold his mind down to his studies nine or ten hours a day, would find the labourer, or the man accustomed to active habits, sinking under it, should he attempt to do the same thing. I have seen a man sit down at the table spread with luxury, and eat a sailor's biscuit with relish, and without a desire for any other food. His health had compelled him thus to live, till it had become a pleasant habit of diet. Previous to this, however, he had been noted for being an epicure. "I once attended a prisoner," says an excellent man, "of some distinction, in one of the prisons of the Metropolis, ill of typhus fever, whose apartments were gloomy in the extreme, and surrounded with horrors; yet this prisoner assured me afterwards that, upon his release, he quitted them with a degree of reluctance; *custom* had reconciled him to the twilight admitted through the thick-barred grate, to the filthy spots and patches of his plastered walls, to the hardness of his bed, and even to confinement." I shall specify habits which, in my view, are very desirable to the student, and, at the same time, endeavour to give specific directions how to form them. 1.—*Have a plan laid beforehand for every day.* These plans ought to be maturely formed the evening previous, and, on rising in the morning, again looked at, and immediately entered upon. It is astonishing how much more we accomplish in a single day (and of what else is life made up?) by having the plan previously marked out. It is so in everything. This morning a man was digging a path through a deep snow-bank. It was almost insupportably cold, and he seemed to make but little head-way, though he worked as if upon a wager. At length, getting out of breath, he paused, and marked out the width of each shovel full, and consequently the amount of snow at each throw of the shovel. In fifteen minutes he had done more, and it was done neater and easier than in thirty minutes previous, when working without a plan. It is of little consequence by what we illustrate, if we make a thing clear, and impress it upon the mind. I have found in my own experience, as much difference in the labours of two days, when working with, or without a plan, as, at least one-half, without having the satisfaction in the latter case, of knowing what I have done. Experience will tell any man, that he is most successful in his own pursuit, when he is most careful as to *method*. A man of my acquaintance has a small slate,

which hangs at his study table. On that he generally finds, in the morning, his work for the day written down; and in the evening he reviews it, sees if he has omitted anything, and, if so, chides himself that all is not done. Thus we see that "one of the great rules for securing your own personal happiness is to reduce all your worldly business, your affairs, your property, your employments, your pleasures,—reduce *every thing* to order. Without it you cannot have a peaceful mind, and, of course, cannot be happy. Suppose, then, you are the master of a family. Now, unless your household affairs are all well arranged, and conducted methodically, they will be a source of uneasiness to you. A gate hanging by one hinge, or a broken latch, or a castor off a piece of furniture, are mere trifles in themselves; and so is the point of a thorn broken off in your hand, and one is just such a sort of trifle as the other. You will find, probably, if you possess the difficult art of civilizing your own feelings, that a very large portion of the uncomfortable feelings you have during those hours which you spend at home arise from just such things. Now make thorough work of it, and remove them all. Arouse your moral resolution, and proceed at once. Go through your premises, and see that every thing is as it ought to be. Whenever you find any difficulty, anything that produces friction and disturbance, stop till you have devised and applied the best remedy you can. See that things have their places, and that they keep them. See, too, that duties and employments have their times, and that they keep them. Do this kindly, gently, but firmly. Interest others in the work of co-operating with you in the change, and you will find that a few hours attention to this single field of labour—hours, too, which may perhaps be taken from several successive days,—you will remove a mass of causes of anxiety, and sources of uneasiness and mental friction which you had no idea existed. Perhaps you are the mistress of a family; and sometimes you feel dejected and sad. You know not why. It is probable that it may be because you are unsystematic and irregular in your sphere of duty. Is your house in order? Look around and see. Look into your drawers, your closets, your bureaus, and imagine that a stranger of distinction, whose good opinion you were desirous of securing, is making the examination with you.

Do you think that you are not responsible for the manner in which you arrange and manage the affairs of your household, that domain which God has so peculiarly confided to you; or imagine, when you attempt to conceal the evidence of untidiness or confusion from the eyes of men, that *any thing* will do to satisfy God? Are his ideas of order and method less high, do you suppose, than those of your neighbours, that you should fear their scrutiny more than His? Put your house in order, not merely in respect to its arrangement, but in respect to all your duties, in the administration of your sacred trust. Consider deliberately in your hours of retirement what your duties are, and arrange them. See that you devote a proper portion of time to them all. Ought you to cultivate the morals of your children? Then do it regularly, systematically; have a plan for it. Ought you to devote any portion of your time to the occupations and pleasures of social intercourse? If so, understand distinctly that it is your duty, and consider how far it is your duty, and make specific provision for it. Reduce, then, to some system and method, what you ought to do, and you may proceed with your daily avocations with a quiet and happy heart. Children at school can equally apply their principles to their case. They may see that their books are all prepared for their duties, and that their shelves and drawers are arranged at home, so that they could go in the dark and find any article in their possession by putting their hand where it *ought to be*. So, whatever may be the reader's situation and condition in life, if he wishes lo be happy, let him regulate his affairs. Be sure, if your aim be happiness, to bring down, at all hazards, your style of living, and your responsibilities of business to such a point that you shall *easily* be able to reach it. Do this, I say, at all hazards. If you cannot have money enough for your purposes in a home with two rooms, take a house with one. It is your only chance for happiness. For there is such

a thing as happiness in a single room, with plain furniture, and simple fare; but there is no such thing as happiness, with responsibilities which cannot be met, and debts increasing, without any prospect of their discharge.

MY LITTLE BED.

As I rummaged through the attic,
List'ning to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane,—
Peeping over chests and boxes
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sung in sweetest accents
What I since have often read;
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot
Came with all the gush of mem'ry,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said,—
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry driven:
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
Father! Thou who art in heaven."

This she taught me; then she told me
Of its import great and deep;
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked, "Our Father,
Oh do Thou e'er bless my child!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has moulder'd 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the house of God.
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from mem'ry fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle-bed.

OUR REPLY TO THE REV. FRANKLIN HOWORTH.

He says our doctrines "*are altogether a failure for the regeneration and sanctification of man as a sinner.*" This is a serious charge which Mr. Howorth does not attempt to prove. A charge which implies Unitarians, as compared with Trinitarians, continue sinful men. We once heard an ignorant Roman Catholic make a similar charge against Protestantism,—he looked rather vacant and confused when a tabular statement of the religion of criminals was presented to him. Could we not equally confound Mr. Howorth by appealing to the prison statistics of our country, or of America, or the moral condition of churches, wherever the two doctrines are professed? Does Mr. Howorth not know that the most sincere believers in his Trinitarian views have been the greatest monsters of vice since the world began! That the professed holders and profound believers in those Trinitarian doctrines stand impeached on the page of Church History for the most fearful crimes, and religious massacres. That the learned divines and expounders and defenders of those Trinitarian views, he holds up as so regenerating, have led in innumerable cases the most worthless and vicious of lives. Dare Mr. Howorth attempt any proof in support of his position; and does he not, at the same time, concede that Unitarians whom he knows "AMIABLE AND HONOURABLE." Is that a hollow amiability and superficial honour? Can Mr. Howorth trace any connection between any one of our doctrines and sinfulness of life? Do we not enjoin the precepts and pattern of him who was without sin? Is this not our principal doctrine? We know Unitarians are men and open to temptations; do they more frequently disgrace Christianity than Trinitarians? Let Mr. Howorth give one proof for his statement. *Bishop Burnet*, a Trinitarian, says, "I must also do this right to the Unitarians as to own that their rules in morality are exact and severe; they are generally men of probity, justice, and charity, and seem to be very much in earnest in pressing the obligations to very high degrees in virtue."

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

"Your Father in heaven is kind to the evil and the unthankful."—CHRIST.

"I WISH father would come home."

The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was sad.

"Your father will be very angry," said an aunt, who was sitting in the room, reading a book.

The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half-an-hour, and with a touch of indignation in his voice, said: "He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.

"That's father now!" He started up, after the lapse of nearly three minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while, and then came very slowly back, saying with disappointed air: "It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late? Oh, I do wish he would come!"

"You seem very anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable nor very sympathizing toward children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, aunt Phebe, that you would like to see me whipped," said the boy, "but you won't."

"I must confess," replied aunt Phebe, "that a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you was my child, you would not escape."

"I am not your child: and I do not wish to be. Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness don't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech.

"Phebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an undertone she added: "You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It's father." And he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter; you don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here;" and Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are troubled, my son. What has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opened the door of the cabinet, brought out the fragments of the broken statuette, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How?"

"I threw my ball in there,—only once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous. A little while Mr. Gordon sat controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully:

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put away the broken pieces. You have had trouble enough, I can see—and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"Oh, father!" and the boy threw his arms about his father's neck; "you are so kind—so good."

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting-room with his father. Aunt Phebe looked up for two shadowed faces—but she did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It was an exquisite work of art; and it is hopelessly ruined."

Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled, and drew his arm closely around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning, but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phebe," was the mild, but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules in this house, to get into sunshine as quick as possible."

Phebe was rebuked, while Richard looked grateful, and, it may be, a little triumphant; for his aunt had borne down upon him rather too hard for a boy's patience to endure.

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! Oh! is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not true Christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and rebels, because a fault has been committed. Let us get the offender into sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thoughts and feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth. We retain anger, not that anger may act as a wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were always right with ourselves, we would oftener be right with our children.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BIBLE.

THE Rev. E. Higginson, of Swansea, proposes to reprint his invaluable book, "*The Spirit of the Bible*," and supply the Two Volumes for Twelve Shillings, should sufficient subscribers send their names to him. We trust he will be enabled to do so. We have never heard but one opinion concerning this work, and that of praise. We think not a few of our readers may desire to possess this work: let them send their names at once to the author.

WHAT DO WE AS UNITARIAN CHRISTIANS BELIEVE?

By John Page Hopps, Sheffield.

[The following article has been printed, and may be had of the author, *post-free*, 500 for 10*s*. 6*d*., or 1000 for 20*s*. Every one of our congregation should order at least 1000 of these tracts, to be left at the homes of one thousand families surrounding our chapels.—Editor *C. F.*]

This question is not often *asked* us, but it is often answered *for* us. This is the more to be regretted, because there has somehow grown up an unfair prejudice that prevents the generality of people reading our books, or hearing our advocates; by which means, alone, a fair idea can be gained as to what we really *do* believe. The consequence of this has been, that many erroneous sayings have gone abroad respecting us: such as these—"They do not believe in Christ." "They have a Bible of their own." "They do not believe in the atonement." And, in some cases, thoughtless and inconsiderate persons have gone so far as to say—"They do not believe in God."

These expressions are handed about from one to the other—from pulpit to pew—from friend to friend; and yet not one in a hundred ever dreams of investigating their truth; and so we are judged by hearsay, and condemned on mere rumour.

It is very desirable, then—not only on our own account, but in mercy to all who really want to be kept from forming unjust and erroneous opinions respecting their fellow-Christians, that we should plainly and frankly state what we really *do* believe on the various important points where *rumour* says we have gone so far wrong.

In doing this, we ask one thing:—We ask to be believed when we state what we believe. We are sorry to know that it is necessary to make this request; inasmuch as many, after hearing us state our faith, go away and give credence, and even currency to the old phrases against us. We ask, then, of all candid persons, a fair hearing—we ask to be believed. We have nothing to gain by saying we believe as we do. If we wanted sympathy, kindness, and friends, we could easily win them all by leaving our unpopular church, and casting in our lot with the churches of the so-called *orthodox*. But we prefer to take the consequences of our position; and in doing so we think we give evidence of our integrity, and supply the best proof that we have not *lightly* received the truths we profess. Believe us, then, and let not the old charges that have so long been made against us, be credited in the face of *our own* description of our faith.

Do we believe in God?—Yes; with a faith that commands all our heart, our soul, our mind, our strength. We believe in Him not as an absent God, but as ever present—the Guide of our lives—the Observer of our affairs—and the Giver of all our good. We believe in Him as our Sovereign, whose laws we are bound to obey, and in whose kingdom we are called to live. We believe in Him—to use that completest name, taught us by Christ—as our Father. His laws, His training, His very *punishments*, we regard as the discipline of Him who is our ever-pitiful and ever-loving Father. We believe that He is willing to accept our homage, either of grateful worship or faithful living, and that it is our first duty and dearest privilege to live a life so well-ordered and dutiful, that we shall never be ashamed or afraid to remember that we cannot flee from His presence. We believe, too, that He is with us always,—to befriend and to relieve us—as often as we yield to Him the trust and obedience of a faithful heart. *We believe, then, in God.*

Do we believe in The Holy Spirit?—Yes; for how can we help believing in the Holy Spirit of God, if we believe in God Himself? We believe the Holy Spirit is God. The first thought we have of God is that of some Infinite and Incomprehensible Being, whose might and majesty are altogether too vast for our comprehension, and too awful for our approach; and it is absolutely necessary for us to go farther than this vast conception of God, and think of Him as a Being that exists not only for Himself but for us and for all things He has made,—who is breathing daily into all living things the breath of their life, and who holds us all up, not only by the word of His *Power*, but by the presence of His *Life*. And so we come to think of Him as a breathing, living *Spirit*. From this we go on deeper still, to a more blessed thought than all. We feel that not only is the world full of God's life and beauty, but that it is everywhere telling of purity, of goodness, and of holiness. And when we look into our own hearts, and feel that amidst all our passion and love of sin, there is yet a life breathing there which ever seeks to lift us above it all, and made us like Him who is all holy, we then see that God is with us as something more than the Spirit that enables us to exist. We see that we live a *moral* and *spiritual*, as well as a physical life, and that God is the author of *this* life as well as of *that*, and then we perceive that He is not only a Spirit giving life, but a *Holy* Spirit giving *moral* and *spiritual* life:—that He is *within* us as well as without us, and that "in Him we live, and move, and have our being;" and so we confess it, not only as an article of our theology, but as a consoling and joyful conviction, *we believe in the Holy Spirit.*

Do we believe in Jesus Christ?—Yes; we believe in Him as the Son of God, and the Saviour of men, who was sent by the Father to tell men of the love that waited to bless every repentant and anxious soul. We believe that He is in the highest sense *The Word of God;* through whom we obtain a knowledge of the mind and will of God, and by whom we may find our way to that mercy and grace of God which will be all-sufficient to restore and save us.

We believe in Him as the "Mediator between God and man," who is ever reconciling the rebellious and wayward spirit of man to God—ever bringing home the prodigal heart and restor-

ing it to purity and peace, by restoring it to confidence and trust in God.

We believe in Him as the being whose life and teachings are the wisest, the divinest, and the truest — whose death sealed the promises and covenants of His life, and whose resurrection and ascension into Heaven form the pledge and surety of our own.

We believe in Him now, as the *living* Christ, whose spirit still sustains and elevates us, and whose influence is still effectual to restrain us in our selfishness, to teach us in our ignorance, and to reconcile us to God in all our sin and unbelief. Thus He is to us a Saviour and a Master—Son of God and Son of man—"Wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption." We confess it gladly, then, *we believe in Jesus Christ.*

Do we believe in the Scriptures?—Yes; we believe that wise and far-seeing men spake and wrote, in the ancient time, as they were moved by God; and that in history, in prophecy, and in psalm, we have the records of the wonderful dealings of God with man. We believe that God is ever revealing Himself to men—that it is ever His delight to be made known to the sons of men, and that He has, therefore, never left the world without prophet or priest, poet or seer, more or less divinely taught. We believe that God led the world step by step to the revelation of Jesus Christ, and that, therefore, each patriarch, psalmist, or prophet wrote according to the light of the age in which he lived. Hence we value the Old Testament as a record of the way in which God leads men and nations,—from one degree of wisdom and insight to another, till they come to the perfect light in the inheritance of the gospel of our Lord.

We believe that the gospels contain a faithful record of the life and teachings of Christ, and that the New Testament, now used in all the churches, is guide enough for every man who would learn the message of Christianity and find his way to the everlasting life. *We, therefore, believe in the Scriptures.*

Do we believe in the Atonement?—Yes; though not in what some men have chosen to *say* of the atonement. We believe what the gospels say of it—what Christ said of it—what the Apostles taught respecting it. We believe in it as a *fact*, not as a *theory*. We do not believe that Christ came to satisfy God's anger with a price—to appease God's wrath with a sacrifice: for Christ said that God *so loved* the world that He sent His Son! And even if God *had* needed to be appeased, we do not think so meanly of His Justice, His Holiness, and His Love, as to believe that the sufferings and death of an innocent victim *could* be the price He would accept. Christ *was* a sacrifice to God; but He was what the Apostle well calls a sacrifice of a *sweet-smelling* savour; and we think that *His agonies, His misery, His blood, and His death* could not be so described. In what way Christ was a sacrifice is plain enough from the above description of the apostle, and its context, where we see that He gave himself to God in the sacrifice of a pure and obedient spirit, in the love and goodness of a holy life, and in that faithfulness which even welcomed the cross rather than shrink from the work given Him to do. This is the sacrifice of Christ; offered not to appease God, nor to save us from deserved stripes, but *to beckon us on in His dutiful and holy way.* Whenever the unreconciled heart of man is won to God, *there* the atonement is achieved in the return of the sinner to his Lord and King. So that we look upon the atonement, *not as a doctrine of so many words, but as a fact to be accomplished* in every believing soul; —reception of the atonement being, not the reception of this or that creed *about* it, but the reception of that power and spirit from Christ which will break down our sins, cast out our enmity, and bring us back with godly sorrow to our God.

This is something real, something practical; and we prefer it to any system that reduces the atonement to a dead dogma in a verbal creed. In the truest, most real, and most vital sense, then, *we believe in the Atonement.*

Do we believe in Future Rewards and Punishments?—Yes; we believe that "God is not mocked," but that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We do not think that God has fully shewn what is the bliss of Heaven, or what the sorrow of the lost. Here and there we have a glimpse of the glory of the one, and here and there a shadow of the desolation of the other; but he has mercifully left it all so, that while on the one hand room is left for the exercise of faith, motive enough exists, on the other hand, to lead us with all earnestness to make our peace with God.

We do not think it wise to intrude where God has clearly placed the barriers which divide *all* that other world from us. Enough for us to know that Heaven is infinitely blessed, and that all beside Heaven is "a fearful looking for" of terror and dismay. We do not seek to alarm men into a frightened belief, by depicting imaginary horrors; nor do we care to make the ground of our Christian character the prospect of some blissful reward. We think it far better to accustom our spirits to all pure and Christ-like things, so that we may await with calmness and peaceful trust the allotments of one who is both wise and faithful, loving and good. And with *that* assurance, *we believe in future rewards and punishments.*

Such, then, are the principal points of our belief. They lead us also to believe in Justice, in Faithfulness, in Purity, in Temperance, and in Piety. They give us Joy in God, Hope in Christ, and a peaceful anticipation for the life to come.

To those who, in face of a confession such as this, can continue to repeat the old charges of "unbelief" and "rejection of Christ," we have nothing to say; but to all honourable and candid minds we commend, for further information, our books and our public teaching; wishing for them, as for ourselves, that they may "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

NEW USE FOR JACOB'S LADDER.

A WELSH clergyman, invited to assist in the ordination of a minister in some part of England, was appointed to deliver the address to the church and congregation, and, having been informed that their previous minister had suffered much from pecuniary embarrassment, although the church was fully able to support him comfortably, he took the following singular method of administering reproof. In his address to the church, he remarked:

"You have been praying, no doubt, that God would send you a man after his own heart to be your pastor. You have done well. God, we hope, has heard your prayer, and given you such a minister as he approves, who will go in and out before you, and feed your souls with the bread of life. But now you have prayed for a minister, and God has given you one to your mind, you have something more to do; you must take care of him, and, in order to his being happy among you, I have been thinking you need to pray again. 'Pray again? Pray again? What should we pray again for?' Well, I think you have need to pray again. 'But for what?' Why, I'll tell you. Pray that God would put Jacob's ladder down to the earth again. 'Jacob's ladder! What has Jacob's ladder to do with our minister?' Why, I think if God would put Jacob's ladder down, that your minister could go up into heaven on the Sabbath evening after preaching, and remain there all the week, then he could come down every Sabbath morning so spiritually minded, and so full of heaven, that he would preach to you almost like an angel. 'Oh, yes, that may be all very well, and, if it were possible, we should like it; but then we need our minister with us during the week to attend prayer meetings, visit the sick, hear experiences, give advice, etc., and, therefore, must have him always with us; we want the whole of his time and attention.' That may be, and I will admit the necessity of his daily attention to your concerns; but then you will remember that if he remains here, he must have bread and cheese, and I have been told that your former minister was often wanting the common necessaries of life, when many of you can enjoy its luxuries; and, therefore, I thought if God would put Jacob's ladder down, your present minister might preach to you on Sabbath, and, by going up into heaven after the services of the day, save you the painful trouble of supporting him."

A good Methodist minister, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly instalment. He had called a number of times, but had each time been put off with some excuse. At length he went to the steward, and told him he must have his money, for his family were suffering for the necessaries of life. "Money!" replied the steward, "*you preach for money!* I thought you preached for the good of souls!"—"Souls!" replied the minister, I can't *eat* souls, and if I could it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal."

HORA NOVISSIMA.

FAR down the ages now,
Her journey well nigh done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
In haste to reach the crown.

The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still—
Old, and yet ever new.

'Tis the same story still,
The briar and the thorn:
And 'tis the same old solace yet—
The hope of coming morn.

No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path
That leads to light and day.

No lighter is the load
Beneath whose weight we cry;
No tamer is the rebel flesh,
Nor less our enemy.

No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill;
'Twas tribulation ages since—
'Tis tribulation still.

No greener are the rocks,
No fresher flow the rills;
No roses in the wilds appear,
No vines upon the hills.

Still dark the sky above,
And sharp the desert air;
'Tis wide, bleak desolation round,
And sorrow everywhere.

Dawn lingers on yon cliff,
But, oh, how loth to spring!
Morning still nestles on yon wave,
Afraid to try its wings.

No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
No less the need of armour bright,
Of shield, and spear, and bow.

No less we feel the blank
Of earth's still absent King,
Whose presence is of all our bliss
The everlasting spring.

Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good,
Through poverty, and care and want,
Through peril and through blood.

Still faithful to our trust,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

DISEASE A DEVELOPER.—Our best writers, our most ingenious inventors, our most acute metaphysicians, clearest thinkers, and ablest discoverers, can generally trace some sharpening of the intellect and refining of the nervous system to a sickness or enfeeblement at some period or other of life.

EPISCOPAL VERY.—A Unitarian divine, freshly converted to Episcopacy, and affecting to the extreme, in his new-born zeal, the calendar of the Church, wrote to one of his late brothers, under date of "Monday, Whitsun Week." The reply came back dated "Monday, Washing Day." Plain dates were adopted in their after correspondence.

PROVERBS WORTH PRESERVING. — Hasty people drink the wine of life scalding hot.—Death is the only master who takes his servants without a character.—Content is the mother of good digestion.—When pride and poverty marry together, their children are want and crime.—Where hard work kills ten, idleness kills a hundred men.—Folly and pride walk side by side.—He that borrows binds himself with his neighbour's rope.—He that is too good for good advice, is too good for his neighbour's company.—Friends and photographs never flatter.—Wisdom is always at home to those who call.—The firmest friends ask the fewest favours.

DEATH OF CHILDREN.—The following beautiful sentiment, in relation to the future condition of children, is from the pen of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher: "When God gives me a babe, I say, I thank God for this lamp lit in my family. And when it has been a light in my household for one or two years, it pleases God to take it away, I can take the cup, bitter or sweet; I can say, My light has gone out; my heart is sick; my hopes are desolated; my child is lost. Or I can say, in the spirit of Job, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' It has pleased God to take five children from me, but I never lost one, and never shall."

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN'S IMPRESSION OF BOSTON.—It is well known that Boston, of America, is a well Unitarianised city—the most thoroughly so in the world, having about thirty Churches there. It is equally well known that in England, Trinitarian ministers and others represent the effect of the diffusion of Unitarianism as pestiferous. A clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Mr. Rylance, of Westminster Road, Southwark, who has spent some time in Boston, delivered a lecture, a week or two ago, in London, and said: "Boston, of America, was the most civilised place in the world. There was more education and religion there, and it was beautiful to behold the way in which the Sabbath was kept. I never saw a fallen woman in the streets of Boston." Let our traducers ponder this fact, and compare Trinitarian Rome, Paris, or London, with Unitarian Boston, and hush their slanders on our faith.

A PARISH RIGHTLY SERVED.—Churches, in their eagerness to get rid of an unpopular pastor, are often willing to strain their consciences, by resolutions expressive of the highest confidence and esteem. Archbishop Whately, in his "Annotations on Bacon's Essays," relates the following anecdote: "A curate of a London parish, of most exemplary conduct, was accustomed to remonstrate very freely with any of his people whose life was not what it should have been. They wished much to get rid of him, but could find no pretext for complaint, either to the rector or the bishop. They, therefore, hit upon this cunning plan: They drew up and signed a memorial to the bishop, setting forth the admirable character of the curate, lamenting that his eminent worth should not be rewarded, and earnestly recommending him for preferment. Soon after, this very living, quite unexpectedly, became vacant, whereupon the bishop, considering how acceptable, as well as deserving, he appeared to be, presented him to it—informing him of the memorial. The good man thanked his people with tearful eyes, rejoicing that they had taken in good part his freedom of speech, assuring them that he would continue all his life the course which had won their approbation."

JUDGMENTS ON THE POPE'S ENEMIES.—The Turin correspondent of the *Osservatore Romano* gives some terrible warnings to the Italian revolutionists and enemies of the Pope's temporal power. "One of the former triumvirs of the Roman republic, Aurelio Salicetti (he says) has just died at Turin, before the priest whom he called had time to come to his bedside. Another enemy of the temporal power, Signor Farini, has been struck with a slow and terrible illness, which leaves him no repose day or night." "True," says the *Debats*, commenting on these remarks, "The Italian revolutionists and enemies of the Pope's temporal power are men, and, being men, they cannot escape from the conditions of mortality any more than the defenders of the Pope. They pay their tribute to the infirmities of nature, to jaundice, apoplexy, and mysterious diseases, of which the Italian, like other physicians, do not know the cause. This is the undoubted fact; but the pious author of this edifying correspondence, who is so intimately acquainted with the secrets of Providence, ought to have explained by what mystery it has happened that the Divine anger, before striking down Cavour, waited till that great sinner had almost accomplished his task—how it comes to pass that Garibaldi, his accomplice—the man who effected half of the evil work, who conquered the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and dethroned Francis II., has, up to this time, escaped celestial chastisement. When this shall have been explained, we may perhaps be converted, and ask forgiveness for our opinions on the temporal power of the Pope."

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